El. Rose

THE PICTURE.

A NOVEL.

BY THE

MISS MINIFIES,

Of Fairwater in Somerſetſhire;

Authors of the Hiſtory of Lady FRANCES S——, and Lady CAROLINE S——.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHORS,

And Sold by J. JOHNSON, and Co. at the Globe, in Pater-Noſter-Row.

M.DCC.LXVI.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
30 SEP 69

PREFACE

TO THE

PUBLICK.

HAzardous as it may appear to endeavour at entertaining the publick, there is ever a kind of infatuation attending those who have once taken up the pen,

which even the greateſt diffidence of our own abilities can neither conquer or reſiſt.

The loſing gameſter plays on in hopes fortune, tired of her cruelties, will at laſt declare in his favour; --- the SUCCESSFUL, becauſe he has hitherto been fortunate; --- and WE, flushed with the unmerited reception of our firſt attempt, have dared to venture on a ſecond. Thus, on all occaſions, an excuſe

is never wanting to the gratifying our darling inclination.

As the following ſheets are wrote from no illaudable motive, the characters are drawn from real life; unſtudied, unembelliſh'd. If in other parts of our hiſtory the mantle of fiction is ſometimes thrown over truth, we would have it underſtood to be the work of fancy, wantonly contrived to improve rather

than hide her natural beauties. But as we wish to ſtand or fall by the judgment of our readers, we ſhall no longer detain them on our defence, but deſire they will turn to chapter the firſt, and open our trial with their uſual candour.

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 SEP 69

THE PICTURE.

CHAP. I.

If healthful meals, if undiſturb'd repoſe,
(Excuſe us that we ſpeak it not in proſe)
If wholeſome air, fine meadows, winding ſtreams,
If ſuch can pleaſe, for ſuch are firſt our themes,
Read on, our chapter's ſhort, a very ſpan
Contains one calm retreat, one honeſt man.

ON the borders of Scotland, ſix miles from Newcaſtle, ſtands a village which we ſhall call Roſe-

Hill. The neat regularity of the houſes, the verdure of the country, and the fine river that winds itſelf through the neighbouring meadows, renders its ſituation delightful. Plenty ſmiles in ſecurity, and ſcarceneſs flies even the meaneſt cottage. If our reader, in his way through the north, hath been tempted to ſtrike a quarter of a mile out of the great road to viſit this memorable village, we preſume from theſe particulars, its true name will immediately recur to his reflection. This ſpot was now become the retreat of Mr. Howard, who, without being tired of the world, had ſtole from it to enjoy uninterrupted his own contemplative

plative humour. The philoſophical bent of his inclinations were ſoftened by a peculiar eaſe in his addreſs. Study had not taken from the politeneſs of his manners, nor diſappointments from the native ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition. One year he had lived retired, and in that time was become ſo enamoured of retirement, that he imagined no motive or perſuaſion could ever prevail on him to relinquiſh it. In this temper of mind we find him when his ſervant returns from Newcaſtle, and gives him a letter which he had brought from the poſt-office. The hand was known, and the writer eſteemed by Mr. Howard. As

he examined the ſable ſeal, a tear ſtarted to the memory of his friend. He breaks it with impatience, and finds the following contents.

Mrs. STANLEY to Mr. HOWARD.

MAternal affection recalls me to the world — the ſweet ſmiles of my daughter — her helpleſs innocence ſpeak for a protector — Inceſſantly her eyes aſk me, if at one blow ſhe ſhall loſe both parents — who can reſiſt their eloquence? For her ſake I will war with grief — I will repel its force with a mother's tenderneſs.

Sir

Sir Thomas and lady Stanley are ſtill at lord Caſtledale's.—When they will leave Ireland, is uncertain. — To whom, in their abſence, ſhall I apply, if not to the friend of my revered huſband? — By his beloved memory! by a widow's tears! by a mother's tenderneſs, I beg your advice on the education of a child, for whoſe happineſs I tremble. — On which occaſion, dear Sir, your preſence in town will be ever gratefully acknowledged, &c. &c.

E. STANLEY.

Mr. Howard pauſed a moment. A moment's reflection determined him. Though ſorry

to leave a ſolitude that afforded him true happineſs, the voice of friendſhip ſilenced every objection. We ſhall ſee him ſettling his affairs with as much eagerneſs to leave, as he could have ſhewn to viſit his dear retreat after the moſt regretted abſence. Full of generous ſentiments, we ſhall leave him to prepare for his journey on the morrow, and ſtep before to introduce the lady, who ſo warmly ſollicits his preſence.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A tale, wherein dame fortune's made
An errant gipſy, fickle jade;
Wherein her frowns are likewiſe prov'd
By rare example, meet and good.
Effects of too great confidence,
And eke, alas! of indolence.
What follows then? Why, let us ſee,
A flow'r produc'd in ſimile;
And next a riddle to our friends,
With which our ſecond chapter ends.

MISS Dormer was the only child of a very eminent merchant, and at her firſt appearance in the world, which was at the age of eighteen, the heart of every beau was agitated, and conſequently every belle trembled, leſt

leſt ſhe ſhould bear away the palm of beauty. Yet, had ſhe no pretenſions to the beautiful; the agreeable, the elegant, the moſt attractive ſweetneſs was hers; refined by ſentiments, improved by educatioh, and brightened by affability: advantages which gained her univerſal admiration; and the world concluded from the appearance her father made, that ſhe would one day be entitled to match with nobility.

Without a mother, having loſt her's in her infancy, juſt returned from a ſchool, where by the ill-judging fondneſs of her father ſhe had been nurſed in vanity and dreſs, and now flattered, courted,

courted, and envied, no wonder that her little heart began to flutter, and to know its own importance.

In this dangerous ſituation, though not yet diſguiſed by vanity, or deformed by arrogance, was Miſs Dormer, when to the following accident ſhe ſtood indebted for the awakening of her virtue and fortitude.

Her father, unknown to his friends, had become bound for a conſiderable ſum for a gentleman, to whom he had been obliged in the beginning of his life, which bond he was forced to pay at the expiration of two years.

years. Little calculated to bear diſappointments, he, inſtead of endeavouring to retrieve this, gave way to the natural indolence of his temper, neglecting his affairs ſo ſhamefully, that a ſucceſſion of loſſes followed; and in five years his whole fortune, which had been very flouriſhing, was reduced to one ſhip, which he had delayed to inſure, expecting it at this time richly freighted from Spain. But, how were all his hopes daſhed, when an account reached him that ſhe had foundered at ſea, and moſt of the crew periſhed. His affairs could no longer be concealed. Unhappy man! what could he do? Where fly from his creditors for ſhelter?

ſhelter? Rouſed from his lethargy, the moſt boiſterous paſſions ſucceeded, generally the attendants of a calm, ſuch as he had too fatally indulged. It is hardly poſſible, in this diſtreſſing ſituation, to do honour to the behaviour of Miſs Dormer. This fair flower, inſtead of contracting its leaves, or ſhrinking beneath the chilling touch of misfortune, exhaled freſh ſweetneſs. Every beauty that before lay hid in the bud, diſplaying its glowing foliage, ripened by adverſity, as though it had only felt the ſunny drops of the morning.

Intending to ſpend the afternoon with lady H——, and in the

the evening to attend her ladyſhip to the opera, ſhe had dreſſed with more than uſual ſplendor. Juſt as they were ſtepping into their chairs, Mr. Howard entered the ſaloon, and was received by lady H—— with her accuſtomed politeneſs; which having reſpectfully, though rather haſtily, returned, he addreſſed himſelf to Miſs Dormer, requeſting ſhe would permit him to conduct her to her father, who, he ſaid, had ſomething of moment with which he muſt acquaint her that evening. This was enough for a daughter whoſe duty was her higheſt gratification. She apologized to her ladyſhip, and giving her hand to

her

her conductor, ſuffered him to lead her to the coach.

Having mentioned this gentleman in the beginning of our hiſtory, it may not be improper to acquaint our readers, through what means his preſence had broke up the party, and prevented our heroine from ſhining in the ſtage, ſide, or center-box.

Thus it was. Soon after Miſs Dormer had left her father, the fatal news arrived, which we have before related. Mr. Howard dropping in by accident at this juncture, found him frantic with deſpair; declaring his ruin, weeping, raving, praying, and curſing his

his deſtiny in a breath. He had been long acquainted with him, thought him of an indolent temper, but thought his circumſtances affluent. His amazement was not to be expreſſed! A ſudden ſenſation ſeized him! Not that contagious cold neglect with which the ſight of miſery often infects the beholder, but a near feeling for his diſtreſs. He would generouſly have relieved him; but alas! that ſufficiency which ſerved him, would make but a ſmall figure in Mr. Dormer's ſhattered fortune. Such aſſiſtance as he could afford with prudence, he offered with ſincerity. The other made little reply, whilſt his looks

looks betrayed every token of madneſs.

Alarmed at theſe ſymptoms, he endeavoured to rouſe him by repreſenting the grief it would give his daughter to find him in that ſituation. Her name redoubled his terrors; venting on himſelf, in the bitterneſs of deſpair, a thouſand imprecations for having involved that beloved child in ruin. At length, her idea ſeemed to have ſoftened him, a copious ſhower of tears ſucceeded; and telling Mr. Howard where ſhe might be found, deſired a meſſenger might be diſpatched to call her. Humanity repre-

repreſented to that gentleman, no meſſenger on ſuch an occaſion would be ſo proper as a friend; for the ſame reaſon, that an unſkilful ſurgeon, who tears off the bandage of his patient, cannot be ſaid to do it ſo eaſily as one who opens the wound with judgment and tenderneſs.

Having thus accounted for Mr. Howard's appearance at lady H——'s, we ſhall return to that gentleman, who we left handing Miſs Dormer to the coach, and who now found himſelf agitated by a ſentiment not uncommon to a heart ſuſceptible of refined impreſſions. Here, reader, we expect

expect you will lay aſide your book, to reſolve, over a diſh of tea, the nature of this ſentiment. A riddle not ſo eaſily explained as it may at firſt appear.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

We treat of Hymen, Cupid, darts,
To ſave perplexity of brain;
We treat of joining hands and hearts,
Which makes our riddle clear and plain:
We treat of trifles, treat of dreſs,
Of piercing woe, and dire diſtreſs.

BY help of a little familiar named Fancy, who flies inviſible, and whoſe flights are boundleſs, we are informed our readers have adjudged the ſentiment propoſed to love. Sorry as we are to contradict our ingenious friends, and univerſal as we acknowledge the power of that deity, truth bids us declare

Cupid

Cupid was not preſent at this interview, the reaſon of which can only be accounted for by the following incident. Some twenty years before this æra, as he was one day ſporting near the ſacred temple, a group of heavenly inhabitants moved towards it, ſurrounding two mortal figures; one appeared to be Mr. Howard, conducted by Honour, the other a female of a pleaſing aſpect, ſupported by Virtue. Cupid recollected and ſaluted his votaries. Hymen honoured in the preſence of ſo many divinities, entered the temple before them, and performed his office in the moſt harmonious ſpirits. Which being concluded, and each beſtowing

on the happy pair ſome mark of celeſtial favour, Cupid preſented the bride one of his beſt darts, rendering her huſband invulnerable to the attack of any other in his whole feathered collection. Since Cupid ſtands acquitted, what then is the ſentiment by which Mr. Howard was agitated at this interview with Miſs Dormer? Was it admiration? Was it compaſſion? Was it tender apprehenſion? It was not one, but all thoſe paſſions blended in one. Caſting about in his mind in what manner he ſhould adminiſter the bitter draught, he determined to palliate his harſhneſs with a certain ſmooth ingredient with which

we

we preſume our female readers are well acquainted. The magnificent jewels, rich ſilk, and fine lace, ſeemed to engage his whole attention, knowing ſhe was pleaſed in being eſteemed a connoiſſeur in dreſs. An innocent joy danced in her eyes; ſhe revered the friend of her father, and was flattered by his approbation. His next ſtep was a tranſition to perſon, which ſubject he manages with ſo much art and politeneſs, that he half perſuades her, ſhe owes but little of her attractions to trifles he only admired, as they had given her an opportunity of diſplaying the elegance of her fancy; endeavouring by degrees to arm her with indifference for

an appearance he ſighed to think ſhe muſt ſo ſoon relinquiſh: notwithſtanding her many amiable qualities, he believed her too giddy, and rather too vain to entertain ſo ſober a gueſt as reflection, till time ſhould introduce it to her acquaintance, but with inexpreſſible delight found himſelf miſtaken. She made him the moſt ſenſible anſwers, and liſtened with attention to the arguments he advanced againſt building happineſs on the tottering baſis of uncertain fortune. Amazed at the ſolidity of her judgment, he reſolved in this inſtant to prove alſo her fortitude. The converſation having taken the turn he wiſhed, to prove the

inſta-

inſtability of human greatneſs, he drew an exact picture of that diſtreſs, with the original of which ſhe was ſo ſoon to be acquainted. Not ſeeing her own or father's likeneſs in the portrait, ſhe wept their unfortunate fate, and drawing out her purſe as ſoon as Mr. Howard had concluded, ſaid, with the moſt becoming eagerneſs, You tell me theſe unhappy worthy people are known to you—dear ſir, be ſo good to ſend them this trifle; but ſay not from whom it comes—Yet why this caution? None but the ignorant, by an ill-judged kindneſs, would humiliate the already humble. This was too much: the humane ſoul of Mr. Howard felt more than can be

deſcribed. Miſs Dormer ſurprized at receiving no anſwer, lifted her eyes to his, in which ſhe beheld diſtreſs viſibly painted. This, and the preſaging of her own heart, partly revealed the truth, in which ſhe was confirmed by Mr. Howard's returning precipitately the purſe ſhe had forced into his hand, with a look that ſpoke at once her whole misfortune. His taſk was now over; the tears guſhed from his eyes; he turned from her, and ſobbed aloud. A livid paleneſs overſpread her face; ſhe cried with a faint voice, O! my father! and would have fallen, had not Mr. Howard caught her in his arms. At this criſis the coach door was opened.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Fools we contemn! let Cynics, if they can,
Maintain that fortitude belongs to man;
Shew us a heroe, ev'n of Roman line,
That does this maid in fortitude outſhine.

AS Mr. Howard led her to the old gentleman's apartment, ſhe ſaid to him, with a compoſure which ſeemed the ſudden and peculiar gift of providence, Your's, ſir, was a ſad, but indeed a friendly taſk; theſe tears too are generous, keep them for my father, his age and infirmities demand their humane tribute.

By this time they had reached the room where Mr. Dormer was ſitting, his head reclined on his hand, but more compoſed than when Mr. Howard left him. At ſight of his daughter he ſtarts from his diſconſolate poſture, catches her to his boſom, calling her his dear injured child, and owned the imprudence of his conduct. She returned his careſſes with uſury, beſought him to be calm, declaring ſhe ſhould never repine at fortune, if ſhe ſaw him happy. To hear the honied words of conſolation flow from her tongue; to ſee her countenance void of reproach, and the ſerenity of her aſpect unclouded, aſtoniſhed Mr. Dormer,

mer, who began to feel a gleam of comfort viſit his benighted mind.

We ſhall not tire our readers with the particulars of a converſation of ſo melancholy a nature, but only ſay in general, that having laid open his affairs to Mr. Howard, they were judged by that gentleman too deſperate for a retrieval, or even an accommodation of them. Miſs Dormer, not being able to bear the horrid catalogue of her father's misfortunes, withdrew to her own chamber, revolving in her mind a thouſand methods to alleviate his diſtreſs. She had heard enough to know that Sir Thomas

Stanley was his principal creditor, a man confided in for his integrity, revered for his judgment, and eſteemed for his benevolence; an honour to his profeſſion, in which he was extremely great, and beloved by all to whom his public or private concerns extended. To this gentleman her good genius pointed, and to him ſhe determines to apply.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

This ſcheme we muſt and do acknowledge,
For blooming damſel in her non-age,
Was ſomething venturous or ſo,
If lucky, let the ſequel ſhow.

IN conſequence of this reſolution, her jewels, which were very conſiderable, ſhe carefully depoſits in a ſmall caſket, and though her own property, being left her by a relation, ſhe now looks upon them as the right, and determines to dedicate them to the uſe of her father. With this laudable view ſhe is ſoon diſrobed of every acquired attraction; orders a hackney-coach,

and paſſes out unobſerved, leaving the old gentlemen together. Being arrived at Sir Thomas Stanley's, a ſervant appeared, of whom ſhe inquires for his maſter with ſome confuſion, and is ſhewn into an elegant apartment; which diſtinction we apprehend was paid to her ineffable modeſty and ſweetneſs, her dreſs being rather calculated to move compaſſion than inſpire reſpect. In the midſt of her perturbations, trembling for the ſucceſs of her viſit, the door opened, and a gentleman entered whom ſhe ſuppoſed to be Sir Thomas, to whoſe perſon ſhe was an entire ſtranger. Having taken his ſword from the table, ſhe had the mortification

to

to ſee him retiring without even obſerving ſhe was preſent; which attributing to his not having ſeen the ſervant who introduced her, ſhe thought it beſt to make herſelf known, rather than loſe ſo favourable an opportunity. With a timid voice and graceful bluſh ſhe beſpoke his attention; nor in vain beſpoke it. He turned haſtily, and was no doubt angry with himſelf for having overlooked a form ſo engaging. Modeſtly heſitating, ſhe aſked whether ſhe had not the honour of ſpeaking to Sir Thomas Stanley? He anſwered, his name was Stanley; placed her with much reſpect; took a chair next her's, and begged to be honoured with her commands.

O ſir!

O ſir! replied ſhe, forbear this language! I am only a poor beggar, come to ſollicit in favour of a parent who at this moment is overwhelmed in grief, and without your ſupporting hand muſt ſink into wretchedneſs. Here the faithful witneſſes of diſtreſs crouded unbidden to her eyes, atteſting the truth of her aſſertion. Notwithſtanding the humane character of Sir Thomas, ſhe found herſelf more attentively liſtened to than ſhe had preſumed to hope. Obſerving him often riſe to hide the effects of her ſad ſtory, ſhe drew from it the moſt flattering preſages; every word ſhe uttered forced itſelf to his heart, and appeared again on his countenance

in

in ſympathetic looks of tenderneſs and concern: nor were his words leſs encouraging, promiſing to ſerve her father with a warmth little inferior to her own. Her unſuſpecting heart had no idea of having revealed itſelf to any other than the identical creditor of her father, whoſe hand had been long the property of an amiable woman, on whom he doated; a conſideration which made her throw aſide all unneceſſary reſerve, laying open her whole ſoul before him. Her confuſion muſt have been unutterable, had ſhe on this viſit diſcovered that the perſon who repreſented Sir Thomas was only a diſtant relation of that gentleman of the ſame name, and whoſe

whoſe motives for aſſuming his title on the preſent occaſion will be manifeſted at a more convenient ſeaſon. One incident we muſt not omit, which is, that the ſervant who had ſhewn up Miſs Dormer, imagining Sir Thomas at home, finding the contrary, returned to ſignify his miſtake to the lady, when ſeeing her engaged in converſation with Mr. Stanley, he retired without ſpeaking.

Our young adventureſs, after receiving aſſurances infinitely ſurpaſſing her expectations, roſe to take her leave, and preſenting the caſket which contained her jewels to the ſuppoſed Sir Thomas, informed

formed him of their value, deſiring he would uſe them to obtain ſome favour with the creditors of her unhappy father. Struck with her manner, but more with the action itſelf, he could only gaze on her in ſilent aſtoniſhment, till by repeatedly offering it to his acceptance, ſhe forces him to break the ſilence admiration had impoſed on him. He ſaid, he would the next morning wait on Mr. Dormer, and, if neceſſary, turn them to the uſe ſhe intended, but till then declined receiving them: afterwards preſenting his hand, he reſpectfully led her to the coach, and apologized that particular buſineſs prevented him from attending her

that

that evening. Thoſe who have never experienced the force of obligations like her's, can but poorly conceive the ſenſations of a heart overflowing with gratitude. With ſome degree of joy ſhe returned to a houſe which an hour before ſhe left in the moſt extreme deſpair, but made no mention of her viſit; rightly judging, ſhould ſhe inſpire the ſame hopes in her father, which ſhe with reaſon entertained, a diſappointment of them would be more inſupportable than even a wretched certainty, ſo forbore till ſhe ſaw what the next day would produce. Finding Mr. Howard gone, and her father alone, ſhe called to her aid filial endear-

endearments, blended with expreſſions full of inſpiring hope to ſoften his affliction. In which amiable duty we ſhall leave her for a ſeaſon to follow Mr. Stanley, and diſcover what particular buſineſs prevented him from attending her that evening; which may be found in our next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Advice requir'd,
Love inſpir'd,
Gen'rous minds,
Great deſigns.

THOUGH Mr. Stanley had loſt ſight of Miſs Dormer, her idea ſtill remained in his heart, ſoftened by tenderneſs to receive the moſt durable impreſſions. He was no ſooner alone than he went to ſeek Sir Thomas, to whoſe character he ſtood indebted for the happieſt moments of his life; he met him on the ſtairs, and ſaying he wanted to conſult him on ſome affairs of importance,

importance, they retired together into the library. Mr. Stanley, in as conciſe a manner as the circumſtances would admit, recounted what had paſſed in his friend's abſence, declaring his intentions of ſetting Mr. Dormer above the frowns of fortune. As he had omitted no particular that could do honour to his daughter, Sir Thomas was ſo far from diſſuading him from ſo laudable a deſign, that he even promiſed to aſſiſt in it; towards which his firſt ſtep was the cancelling of his own debt, amounting to fifteen thouſand pounds, to which Mr. Stanley conſented, though reluctantly, Sir Thomas peremptorily refuſing to be conſidered by

by him in the liſt of Mr. Dormer's creditors. The reſt of the evening was paſſed in conſulting on many eſſential matters, Mr. Stanley laying open his intentions without reſerve. What theſe intentions were, for the ſake of order and regularity, are next to be revealed, though perhaps we ſhall inform our readers of no more than they already ſuſpect. Know then, that at the firſt ſight of Miſs Dormer, love, or ſomething very like it, made Mr. Stanley wiſh to learn the cauſe of that melancholy which ſeemed to overcloud the moſt engaging countenance he had ever beheld. Accident having brought him to her preſence, he determined at

the

the expence of an innocent artifice, to gratify his curioſity, finding ſhe had miſtaken him for Sir Thomas. He had no wife, becauſe he had never met a woman qualified to engage his ſerious attachment. He would not entirely overlook the charms of perſon, but thought thoſe of the mind ſtill more eſſential; for one who poſſeſt them in a ſuperlative degree he had long been in purſuit, at public aſſemblies, private parties, the drawing-room, Bath, Scarborough, in ſhort, wherever the young and gay aſſemble, but without ſucceſs. What he had been vainly ſeeking in the court of ſplendid happineſs, he found in the habitation of diſtreſs; a

jewel,

jewel, whoſe worth in a moment he diſcerned, though almoſt buried in the ruins of misfortune. He beholds it with joy, and reſolves to place it in a point of view where its beauty ſhould ſparkle in full luſtre; or, to ſpeak without a metaphor, determined to make Miſs Dormer a ſharer of his fortune, not leſs than two hundred thouſand pounds: his eyes informing him ſhe was the moſt lovely, his judgment, the moſt amiable of her ſex. Such was the intention which he communicated to Sir Thomas, who not only approved, but ſtrengthened it by many encomiums on the fortitude and filial piety of our heroine. Beſides

he

he had many reaſons for promoting this affair. Having no child, Mr. Stanley was next heir to his title, and he had likewiſe fixed on him to inherit his fortune; he had long wiſhed to ſee his affections ſettled, but after numberleſs ſolicitations had almoſt given up his favourite point, when chance determined Mr. Stanley's choice in favour of Miſs Dormer, whom we ſhall viſit once more in adverſity, in order to be on the ſpot when ſhe receives the honour intended her, and to reconnoitre her behaviour on that occaſion.

CHAP. VII.

Who, becauſe the ſun breaks gay,
Dare inſure a cloudleſs day?
Fortune's ſmiles are like its blaſts,
Warms a while, but ſeldom laſts.

ALTERNATE hopes and fears kept Miſs Dormer ſo long from ſleep, that the chearful ſun had darted his rays through her curtains before ſhe yielded to its embraces. Already had time's monitor from a neighbouring ſteeple, by eleven angry blows with his hammer, called her from the arms of the drowſy deity, but in vain would have been his admonitions, if in his

twelfth

twelfth ſummons he had not been aſſiſted by a loud knocking at the ſtreet-door. Rejoiced at being relieved from a terrifying dream, ſhe ſtarts from her pillow, and with the pleaſing expectation of finding Sir Thomas below, is dreſſed elegantly plain in leſs time than many a fine lady would expend in ſticking a pin, or placing a patch to advantage. Whilſt ſhe is retired to her cloſet, a duty which no other concern could interrupt, and which at this ſeaſon of adverſity afforded her a double conſolation, our reader may, if he pleaſes, deſcend into the dining-room, where he will find her father reſtored to perfect felicity, liſten-

ing with every teſtimony of tranſport to the propoſals Sir Thomas is making for Mr. Stanley, who, from a point of delicacy, known only to hearts refined in generoſity, forbore being preſent on this occaſion. Matters were thus ſituated below, when Miſs Dormer made her appearance; as ſhe opened the door, her countenance turned pale; her eyes ſaw, but her heart acknowledged not Sir Thomas. He gueſſed her thoughts, perceived her diſappointment, and beckoning Mr. Dormer to reſtrain his emotions, ſtepped towards her. You are not miſtaken, madam, ſaid he, reſpectfully ſaluting her, my name is Stanley. Her father either not underſtanding Sir Thomas's

mas's hint, or not able at that moment to obey it, Ay, my Emily, cried he, this is Sir Thomas Stanley; this is our preſerver. Hold, ſir, interrupted he, you ſurprize your daughter too much; permit me, my good young lady, to unriddle a myſtery you cannot comprehend. Surprize was too poor a word for the aſtoniſhment with which ſhe ſaw and heard; nor was it till he had explained matters, that ſhe could find a voice to congratulate her parent, or thank their benefactor. He omitted no particular in his relation, except Mr. Stanley's attachment to her perſon, and hopes of a future connection; leaving that diſcovery

to her father, having received his word not to force her inclinations, in caſe they ſhould be averſe to the propoſed alliance. In this interview ſhe diſplayed ſo many perfections, that Sir Thomas did not take his leave till he had conceived for her a degree of affection, equal to what he felt for the perſon to whom by love, generoſity, and gratitude, ſhe ſeemed deſtined. As there is nothing more ridiculous, in our humble opinion, than the words, ſighs, and looks of two perſons heartily in love with each other, by the ſame rule we ſuppoſe, a repetition of them will be equally inſipid to our readers, ſo ſhall only ſay, that Miſs Dormer, with

joy

joy that ſparkled in her eyes, and ſpoke her the happieſt of women, two months after received the hand of her generous lover at the altar. A reward due to her amiable conduct.

Happy in each other the thirteenth year returned, in which time ſhe had buried her father, one Son, and two daughters, and at that period Mr. Stanley was alſo torn from her. The diſtraction of his adoring wife is inexpreſſible; which was heightened by the abſence of her deareſt friends, Sir Thomas and lady Stanley, being on a viſit to the earl and counteſs of Caſtledale, to whom they were diſtantly related; and

Mr. Howard having loſt his lady ſome years before, was retired to Roſe-Hill, the ſweet retreat in which our reader may remember we firſt diſcovered him. Awakened by maternal fondneſs, Mrs. Stanley, at the end of three months, began to apply herſelf in laying down a ſyſtem for the education of her only child. Being ſomething peculiar in her manner of thinking from the generality of the world, the method ſhe fixed on was of a nature uncommon, perhaps without a precedent, and when known, may be approved or condemned as the diſcernment of the public ſhall direct. In conſequence of this deſign, ſhe diſpatched the letter

which

which may be found in our firſt chapter, Mr. Howard's judgment being held definitive. Him we left at the beginning of our hiſtory preparing to obey her ſummons, and ſhall now return to proceed with him on his journey.

CHAP. VIII.

Altho' a very tender ſcene,
No incident to raiſe the ſpleen,
Or fill our reader with the horrors
In the contents, which are as follows:
A good old man, you know who's meant,
Arrives in town, a meſſage ſent,
A card return'd, a viſit paid,
With what was done, and what was ſaid.

MR. Howard's haſte to oblige Mrs. Stanley, has prevented our deſign of attending him to the metropolis. Nor can we ſo much as acquaint our readers the inns at which he called, or what were his reflections on the road, but after a diligent ſearch

ſearch have the pleaſure to inform them, we found him juſt alighted at the FEATHERS, and about to regale himſelf with a liquor highly eſteemed; not that enemy which ſteals away the brain, but of ſo innocent a character, that the fineſt ladies ſip it uncloſetted. Before the waiter made his appearance with the tea-table, Mr. Howard's reſpects, compliments being a word by him utterly diſregarded, were diſpatched to Mrs. Stanley, ſignifying that he was juſt arrived in town, and waited her commands. A card was ſpeedily returned, the contents of which we ſhall leave our ingenious readers to ſuppoſe; being ſomething

very friendly, grateful and polite, which their imagination can be at no loſs to ſupply. His little repaſt finiſhed, Mr. Howard, in compliance with the lady's requeſt of his immediate preſence, ſoon reached the well known door of his friend, which flew open almoſt ſpontaneouſly to receive him. He was met as he entered by Mrs. Stanley; both melted into tears; the idea of Mr. Stanley ſtarted to the remembrance of both; and both were ſilent.

In this ſituation ſhe gave him her hand, and led him toward the nurſery, in which were two lovely children, blooming as angels,

gels, and playful as the graces; one her daughter, the other a niece of her huſband, who ſhared her affection, having loſt both her parents when ſhe was no more than nine months old.

Mr. Howard and Mrs. Stanley ſtood at the door ſome moments to obſerve their engaging actions, being very buſily employed in decking a toy, which repreſented a lamb, with ribbands and other little ornaments. Surprizing was the effect this ſight had on the fond mother; ſhe beſpoke Mr. Howard's attention, with a joy that might be ſaid to ſparkle through the tears of affliction, and ruſhing on them, ſnatched each

each to her arms, ſeeming at that inſtant to have forgot the ſting ſhe carried in her boſom.

Mr. Howard beheld this ſcene with ſuch delight, as cannot be felt in the ſmalleſt degree from ſo faint a copy of its unſpeakable beauties. The charmed parent received his congratulations with more pleaſure than is ſeen to exult in the face of a court-beauty drawing the eyes of an admiring multitude; a coquette receiving the devoirs of a ſmart fellow in preſence of her rival; or a cenſorious prude, full fraught with the errors of her neighbour.

In the midſt of this heart-felt converſation a chariot ſtopped at the door, and Mrs. Stanley going to the window, knew it to be lady Edmonton, returned from Bath a few days, and this her firſt viſit of condolance. But as ſhe is a very fine lady, and a lady of quality, in right of precedence, we ſhall introduce her ladyſhip at the beginning, and not at the cloſe of a chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Behold, ye fair, and rue th' effects of time,
A robber bold, who ſteals thy blooming grace.
Obſerve our counſel, make the virtues thine,
So ſhalt thou charm, tho' wrinkles cloud thy face.

LADY Edmonton was half-ſiſter to Mr. Stanley, we wiſh it could be likewiſe ſaid, ſhe inherited half his good qualities; but as we have undertaken to delineate characters with the pencil of truth, her ladyſhip's muſt appear in the ſtile of that great maſter. Neither ſenſible nor ſilly, very vain, very giddy, but not ill-

ill-natured; no lover of money, diſtractedly fond of admiration, and totally abſorbed in pleaſure. Theſe were her ladyſhip's mental qualifications. In externals, nature had been more laviſh; but time, with unrelenting cruelty, had robbed the beautiful fabrick of many attractions; ſmear'd the pure white of the lilly with a ſallow paleneſs, tore the roſes from her cheeks, and drove youth from her eyes; what remained entire were a graceful height, eaſy ſhape and features, whoſe exact ſymmetry reſiſted its attack. Forgetting it was forty years ſince ſhe came from the hands of nature, caſt in its faireſt mold, ſhe ſtill believed herſelf the ſame lovely,

lovely, gay, agreeable thing, the world thought her when ſhe firſt entered the *beau monde*. With the ſame commanding air trod the mall, and fancied the ſame croud of adorers followed her footſteps. At the play-houſe, with the ſame languiſhing ſmiles threw her eyes from box to box, and ſaw through the optics of vanity thouſands fall on her right hand and on her left. This was the fourth year of her widowhood, the joys of which were not felt ſo exquiſitely as many fine ladies may have experienced on a ſimilar occaſion; who, releaſed from a painful reſtraint, enjoy dear liberty in full perfection. Happily for her ladyſhip,

marriage

marriage had brought with it none of theſe inconveniencies; her lord having not only adopted the manners and cuſtoms of a very polite nation, but even their ſentiments in regard to the privilege of wives. Though far be it from us to ſay, or even whiſper, that lady Edmonton had carried this indulgence one point beyond what they call innocent. Since her lord's death ſhe had not ventured on a ſecond, fearing it would be difficult to find another ſo exactly formed to make *a belle eſprit* happy.

About this time the inchanting Sir James Hallifax, juſt returned from Paris, makes a tender of his

his heart and perſon; all over French; his handkerchief ſcented with the very *ſans-pareil*, that ſtood on the dreſſing-table of madam the princeſs; his hair *à la bronſe*, by monſieur de Fruſe, chief valet to the Dauphin. Softened by theſe promiſing omens, our fair dowager waited only till the mourning for her brother was expired, to beſtow on him the remains of beauty, and a noble jointure, the latter of which Sir James could not think on without tranſport.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

As how Sir James, and when and where,
Was held enſlav'd by lady fair;
As how this lady of renown
Brings ſtrait her captive up to town;
Likewiſe as now ſhe does prepare
For viſit ſad to houſe of care.

LADY Edmonton having picked up this nonpareil at Bath, flew exultingly to London, to exhibit the fine perſon of Sir James, to ſhew the full power of her charms, to ſee the women expire with envy, and the men with deſpair; but thought decency required a viſit ſhould firſt be

be paid to the widow of her deceaſed brother.

Accordingly two days after her arrival, ſhe prepares for this neceſſary though diſagreeable ceremony, on which it was not thought expedient for Sir James to attend her; not that her ladyſhip had the leaſt conception her ſiſter's melancholy would make the company of a pretty fellow diſpleaſing, but we are rather inclined to think, from a motive diametrically oppoſite, fear of a competitor in her heroe's heart, having magnified the natural graces of Mrs. Stanley to an irreſiſtible magnitude.

Invoking

Invoking the aid of Venus and the Graces, about ſeven o'clock ſhe roſe from her toilet, and was declared by her own eyes, and the tongue of her Abigail, to be an exact reſemblance of the goddeſs herſelf. We would not have our reader encourage a ſuppoſition ſo extremely abſurd, as that all theſe pains were taken in beautifying a perſon to be obſcured a whole evening in the houſe of mourning. No, the joys of Ranelagh were to repay her ladyſhip for the precious moments loſt in that mortifying viſit, and Sir James for the tedious ones of abſence.

Mrs.

Mrs. Stanley, who conſidered her as the ſiſter of a beloved huſband, prepared to receive her with every mark of tender reſpect, ſtriving to inſpire Mr. Howard with a better opinion of her ladyſhip than ſhe had yet deſerved, or he entertained. Lady Edmonton entered with a look all eaſe and gaiety. Mrs. Stanley with a graceful melancholy having ſaluted and led her to a chair, enquired affectionately after her health, expreſſing vaſt pleaſure at her return. Mr. Howard likewiſe paid his compliments with great politeneſs; but, as if determined that gentleman ſhould not be in the liſt of her admirers,

ſhe

ſhe cries out with all the unconcern in the world, after taking a full ſurvey of Mrs. Stanley, Heavens! ſiſter, theſe weeds are amazingly becoming. Well, I do not know how it happened, but I never thought my own ſo *very*, ſo *infinitely* charming. This was enough for Mr. Howard, he withdrew abruptly, carrying with him a look of ineffable anger and contempt. Poor Mrs. Stanley, finding her whole frame diſordered, turned her head to hide the effects of her unthinking ladyſhip's folly; trying at the ſame time to recover her ſpirits, to ſpare the heedleſs author of her pain the confuſion of beholding it.

As ſoon as they were ſeated, lady Edmonton entered on her favourite topic, the inimitable Sir James Hallifax, repreſenting him as the very parragon of beauty, the pink of politeneſs, and model of all human perfection; which converſation laſted till the appearance of tea reminded Mrs. Stanley one of her viſiters had withdrawn. Sending a ſervant to ſeek Mr. Howard, this meſſage was returned, that he was gone, but had left word he would attend her the next morning at breakfaſt.

In fact, being thoroughly ſatisfied with the ſpecimen lady Edmonton had given of her talent

lent for polite converſation, or to ſpeak plainer, diſguſted with her inſenſibility, in compliment to his judgment, he retired to his inn with a freedom peculiar to himſelf; which freedom did not give the leaſt alarm to Mrs. Stanley, who was perfectly acquainted with his humour. Preciſely at eight a ſervant ſignifies her ladyſhip's chariot at the door, into which ſhe ſteps with an eclat not to be deſcribed; but which may be felt, when from the manſion of melancholy we are flying to the ſeat of pleaſure; and from a ſtupid tête-a-tête with one of one's own ſex, to receive the adoration of a favoured lover.

In this viſit neither Emily or Louiſa had made their appearance, Mrs. Stanley holding it full as abſurd to produce children unrequeſted, as placing the greateſt delicacies before one who has neither taſte, ſmell, or ſight to enjoy them.

Whilſt lady Edmonton mixes in the bright circle at Ranelagh, which, like the heavenly bodies, are always moving in the ſame ſphere, Mrs. Stanley is made happy in the arrival of two valuable friends. And Mr. Howard, having enjoyed a veal cutlet, and a pint of excellent port, is retired to bed with this pleaſing reflection, that to the preſent moment he

he had done no premeditated evil, nor left undone any good within the narrow compaſs of his power. The evening being far advanced we ſhall now leave him to a repoſe, which we hope will not be untimely interrupted.

CHAP. XI.

Short as golden proſpects laſt,
Short as poets' ſhort repaſt,
But this, we hope, without offence,
Not very ſhort of common ſenſe.

SIR Thomas and lady Stanley, having left Ireland without apprizing Mrs. Stanley of their return, were the identical perſons mentioned in the concluſion of our laſt chapter. Their impatience carried them the very evening of their arrival to Leiceſter-Square; where they were prevailed on to give Mr. Howard a meeting the next morning at the tea-table.

Here

Here then we find them all ſeated before eleven, and not quite ſo early as ten o'clock. The honours of which are performed by Mrs. Stanley, with ſome degree of that chearful eaſe which uſed to dignify her actions when animated by the preſence of an admiring huſband. Sir Thomas and his lady had brought over with them, to receive an Engliſh education, lady Lucy Carew, eldeſt daughter to lord Caſtledale, a charming girl, full of vivacity, and only one year older than Emily, who was juſt entered into her fourth, as was alſo Miſs Louiſa Orey, that being the name of Mrs. Stanley's niece.

We ſhall paſs over the breakfaſt-converſation, which conſiſted a good deal in admiring the engaging actions of three of the lovelieſt children in the univerſe. For, tho' highly pleaſing, where the ſpectators were all partial to the pretty prattlers, would be dull enough read in a polite circle, to which we have the vanity to hope this work may be admitted.

The tea-things removed, and lady Lucy tripped to the baby-houſe with her little companions, Mrs. Stanley beſpoke the attention of her friends to a ſcheme ſhe had laid down for the education of her daughter and niece, ſhewing

ſhewing by her looks only the delight it would give if their judgment coincided with her ſentiments.

CHAP. XII.

Prepare a ſtrange reſolve to read,
As widows go, moſt ſtrange indeed.

ODD as it may ſeem to ſome, and ridiculous to others, that a woman, in the ſummer of her days, bleſt with the gifts of nature and fortune, ſhould reſolve on quitting a life of gaiety and pleaſure for one of eaſe and retirement; however uncommon and romantic ſuch reſolutions may ſound, ſuch were Mrs. Stanley's. As our pen cannot do juſtice to the ſtrength of her arguments, or energy of expreſſion, we

we ſhall content ourſelves with giving a ſketch only of her deſign, which, on a cloſe view, muſt appear in the light of reaſon and diſcretion.

Our reader may remember, that before Mr. Dormer fell into misfortunes, his daughter was near becoming the prey of a pernicious paſſion, on which time ſhe now looked back with confuſion.

Experience teaches us, to lead others from the ſnares into which we have fallen, or narrowly eſcaped falling. This wiſe monitor repreſented to Mrs. Stanley the ſureſt way to preſerve Emily's

perſon from affectation, and her ſoul from pride, was to conceal her being ſo conſiderable an heireſs, till warned by the voice of inſtruction to avoid the precipice of vanity; a precipice eminently dangerous to the young made giddy by a too early acquaintance with their own importance.

There is, ſays Mrs. Stanley, a kind of magnet in riches which draws towards the poſſeſſor a certain degree of reſpect and attention, which, whilſt it pleaſes and faſcinates the ſenſes, corrupts and vitiates the heart. Where, continued ſhe, ſhall we find my daughter companions, who will not pay her this flattering diſtinction?

tinction? Where preceptors, who will not mix it with inſtruction? Even from her attendants ſhe will be liable to receive this poiſon. And it is for theſe reaſons, purſued ſhe, I have endeavoured to ſtrike into ſuch a path of education as ſhe may tread with ſafety, avoiding every deſtructive weed, and plucking only the ſweet flowers of improvement.

Which path, gentle reader, lies before thee; explore it by the clue of reaſon. Condemn it not, becauſe unbeaten; for, though cuſtom and her followers never entered, it may be the reſidence of wiſdom.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

"Slow to reſolve, in reſolution ſtrong:"
Which line we ſteal, yet think us not to blame;
Make it appear we do the poet wrong,
And we'll prove honeſt, tho' with loſs of fame.

WITH one female friend of a genteel family, polite education, and ſolid underſtanding, but reduced by misfortune, Mrs. Stanley propoſed retiring a conſiderable diſtance from London: not to a town, but village near one, if ſuch could be found conveniently ſituated; where ſhe hoped to ſee the minds of her young pupils expand,

expand, and every growing virtue ſhoot towards perfection.

But how is that to be accompliſhed? ſaid lady Stanley, glad to ſtart any objection to a ſcheme which muſt of neceſſity part them for many years. Withdrawing them from the great world, continued her ladyſhip, you exclude them from certain accompliſhments which, though trivial in themſelves, cuſtom has made a neceſſary part of education. By no means, my dear madam, replies Mrs. Stanley, every advantage ſhall be theirs, to which they are entitled by birth or fortune, that whilſt their minds are directed by the virtues, their

their manners may be adorned with the graces.

Mr. Howard ſeemed buried in contemplation, as if weighing her arguments in the ſcale of reflection. Sir Thomas lifted up his hands; and lady Stanley could only deſire, ſhe would explain how ſhe propoſed giving them thoſe advantages ſo far removed from the metropolis.

Your ladyſhip, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, may think this a difficult taſk; but is there any obſtacle which money will not remove however inſurmountable it may appear? By the ſilent rhetoric of this great orator, I propoſe drawing

ing after me to the place of my retreat the moſt eminent maſters in every polite ſcience, under a reſtriction of profound ſecrecy, as to my real ſituation in life.

This I allow, ſaid lady Stanley, is far from being impracticable; but how will you prevail on Emily or Louiſa to ſuppoſe your fortune ſo very moderate as you would have them think it, when they daily ſee ſuch inſtances of expence beſtowed on their improvements?

If your ladyſhip permits me, replied ſhe, I will as eaſily ſolve theſe obſtacles as the former. Lady Stanley deſired ſhe would proceed,

proceed, which ſhe did as follows.

If I can procure ſuch a friend as I have mentioned to accompany me in my retirement, thro' her means it muſt be effected. I even intend to keep an equipage, that they might enjoy every privilege of their concealed rank; they ſhall dreſs too with elegance, though not ſplendor, that breaking into affluence they may not be unacquainted with the common forms of high life. If you aſk whoſe equipage? my friend's. Who procures them an appearance ſo much above what they think themſelves intitled to? it is ſtill my friend. From the

ſame

ſame bounty they are to ſuppoſe they receive every accompliſhment. Thus education ſtealing upon them as an accidental bleſſing, will be received with that alacrity and eagerneſs always expreſſed for a favour beſtowed on us by chance which fortune has denied us. When I ſee them fortified by humility againſt the dangerous attacks of flattery, and taught by benevolence the proper uſe of riches, that moment will I diſmiſs my fears, and lead them from retirement.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Contains a further converſation
On the old ſubject, education;
Likewiſe a ſtory brought to view,
Wherein is nothing ſtrange or new.

MRS. Stanley having declared her intentions, neither Sir Thomas or his lady, whatever was their reluctance to ſo long a ſeparation, had one argument to advance againſt thoſe ſhe had ſhewn in favour of a private education. Mr. Howard was charmed with the ſcheme, and ſaid he would aſſiſt in its execution, if ſhe would make Roſe-Hill the place of her retreat; which propoſal

poſal ſhe accepted with inexpreſſible pleaſure.

My dear child, ſaid Sir Thomas, ſince it would be from a motive entirely ſelfiſh, to perſuade or even wiſh you to lay aſide your deſign, which ſtrong as my tenderneſs oppoſes, my judgment as ſtrongly approves. In your abſence ſuffer me to inſpect the management of your affairs, that nothing may call your thoughts from the delightful taſk on which you are about entering. You are all goodneſs, ſir, replied ſhe, but what ſays lady Stanley; am I to be favoured with your ladyſhip's approbation? if not, I ſhall think myſelf but half authorized. You have

have not only my approbation, ſaid her ladyſhip, but I rejoice that it is likewiſe in my power to aſſiſt in bringing your ſcheme to perfection, by recommending a perſon highly qualified for a friend, companion, ſharer in the pleaſing taſk of inſtruction, and the ſeeming benefactreſs of your children.

Mrs. Stanley's ſilence was more eloquent than words, and lady Stanley proceeded to give the following character of Mrs. Berkley. Her education, whilſt young, was at the beſt boarding ſchools near London, from whence ſhe gained many accompliſhments: at the age of fifteen her mother carried

carried her to France, ſhe made a moſt amazing progreſs in the language of that nation, and being before perfectly miſtreſs of her own, became a critic in both; few men read more hiſtory, or underſtand it better; in geography and figures ſhe excels, and joined to a ſolidity of judgment, poſſeſſes a fine turn of wit, which renders her converſation extremely pleaſing. Her mother was left young a widow, one of the beſt and moſt ſenſible of women, of which ſhe gave evident proofs, by impreſſing early on her daughter's mind the true ſenſe of religion. Unlike thoſe faſhionable parents, who ſend their children

into

into the world without any other guide than what they call moral virtue.

Here Sir Thomas interrupted her. Pardon me, ſaid he, for breaking in on your account of Mrs. Berkley, to indulge a little allegory in my own way, who trade on an uncertain element:—That it is like ſending your bark to ſea without a compaſs, which, after being toſſed to and fro on the waves of affliction, comes in ſight of a port of ſafety, yet has no chance of riding in that harbour; for not having the aſſiſtance of faith, it loſes the anchor of hope. This allegory, if

properly

properly digeſted, might be an antidote againſt an evil, which we are ſorry to ſay, ſpreads with too fatal a contagion.

CHAP. XV.

Tho' man, preſumptuous man, maintains,
Women have more of tongue than brains,
We'd prove it malice moſt ſevere,
We'd take the cudgels, did we dare,
And fighting in our own defence,
Make them repent their inſolence;
But loth to enter on diſpute,
And good Sir Thomas being mute,
How lady Stanley did proceed,
You may in the next chapter read.

MRS. Berkley, continued lady Stanley, on her return from France was introduced to what is called the polite circle, in which ſhe was envied by the giddy, reſpected by the prudent of her own ſex, and univerſally

ſally admired by the other; one of which, with the conſent of her mother, ſhe ſoon after married, and accompanied by that worthy parent, retired into the country, quitting without regret the gay, for the more ſolid ſatisfactions of life. Being ſettled in a country pretty low in the Weſt, they were viſited by many families of diſtinction; all admired Mrs. Berkley, all thought Mr. Berkley the moſt fortunate of men, in having met with a woman ſo ſenſible and well bred. Her entertainments were hoſpitable, her family-œconomy perfectly regular, and her whole conduct uniform.

This, my dear, continued lady Stanley, is the perſon I would recommend. Providence has ſince ſuffered her to fall into misfortune, in which her character ſhines ſtill more exalted. I have been always ſincerely attached to her, and am convinced ſhe will readily give you her company and aſſiſtance, at leaſt till that day arrives which will reſtore her to affluence, depending only on the death of a diſtant relation, who is of an advanced age.

Her ladyſhip having concluded, Mrs. Stanley thanked her with the moſt grateful acknowledgements. That very afternoon Mrs. Berkley was introduced, and became

came a part of her family, whilſt ſhe remained in town, and ſoon after accompanied her to Roſe-Hill, where every thing was expeditiouſly prepared for their reception by Mr. Howard; his impatience being great to viſit again his dear retreat, made more delightful by the converſation of friends he loved, and the ſweet employ of aſſiſting to cultivate the infant minds of Emily and Louiſa. But as this employment may not be alike agreeable to our readers, we ſhall leave theſe three good people to watch every opening bloſſom, and continue ſometime longer with our friends in the buſy world.

CHAP. XVI.

A good example deem'd abſurd,
A lady conſtant to her word.
Marriage — what befel thereon,
With many changes, pro and con.

MRS. Stanley had no ſooner left London than the town ſat in judgment on a proceeding ſo uncommon. Some pitied the poor girls, for the conſtraint in which their bloom would be waſted, and ſome for the ruſticity of manners they muſt needs contract. The young laughed at Mrs. Stanley's antiquated notions, thanking heaven all mothers were not like her; and parents that had

had not ſtrength of reſolution to follow her example, called it abſurd, romantic, and prepoſterous. Without hiding her motives for retiring, ſhe concealed only the place of her retirement, except from lady Edmonton; a confidence ſhe repoſed in her, as being the ſiſter of her huſband. Though her ladyſhip was not endowed with one grain of a certain virtue, more than the generality of women, her heart was ſo filled with the idea of Sir James Hallifax, that ſhe did not even once reflect on her being poſſeſſed of a ſecret for which the town at that time would have given an immenſity.

How long the place of Mrs. Stanley's abode would have remained thus ſecure, we cannot aſcertain, if a treaty had not been ſigned between two great perſonages, which made it policy not to riſque her diſpleaſure by divulging it. To come at this treaty we ſhall paſs over the time of mourning, the forms of courtſhip, and celebration of nuptials, a month of tenderneſs, one of reſpect, one of civility, nine of indifference, and three years of total neglect; at the end of which time, lady Edmonton was woefully convinced the fineſt gentlemen do not always make the politeſt huſbands.

The ſtory of a certain cardinal ſtrikes us on this occaſion, who riſing to that dignity from a poor fiſherman, to ſhew his humility, muſt needs have the badge of his trade ſpread every day over the table on which he dined. But when this *very* humble prelate found himſelf advanced ſo high that he could be exalted no higher, he bid his people, who were ſpreading the net as uſual, to hang it up, for the fiſh was caught.

Like this great pope, Sir James, finding his borrowed endowments had anſwered all his deſigns, diſmiſſed them, to make room for his own natural qualifications.

That enchanting elegance of dreſs, to which he owed great part, if not the whole reduction of lady Edmonton's heart, gave way to a ſlovenly diſregard of his perſon; obſequious tenderneſs, to frowns and contradictions; ſmiles and complacency, to a ſteady poſitive obſervance of his own humour; and, as to generoſity, magnificence, and liberality, which during ſix months of courtſhip, had been retained in his ſervice, they were the firſt diſcarded, and immediately ſucceeded by narrow ſentiments, dirty deſigns, and forbid avarice. Heavens! and earth! what were lady Edmonton's horrors, when ſhe diſcovered the metamorphoſis? forbid play! forbid

bid public places! forced to reduce her ſervants down to a plebian number, and on theſe conditions only ſuffered to remain in London. In vain were ſummoned to her aid hyſteric fits, thoſe he laughed at; tears and ſupplications, theſe he turned from; threats and reproaches, theſe he diſdained to anſwer. Finding all efforts ineffectual, revenge next offered itſelf; if it brings no redreſs, cries ſhe, there will at leaſt be ſome pleaſure in expoſing the brute; the town ſhall witneſs my miſeries, they will do me juſtice, pity my diſtreſs, and revile at my tormentor. Accordingly the town becomes the repoſitory of every quarrel that had happened

ſince the fatal day of her thraldom; but far, very far, was her ladyſhip from reaping the benefit of conſolation. Tired with the din of houſhold war, and out of patience that dear cards were never mentioned, unleſs to ſtigmatize the tyrant's more than inhuman cruelty, who had denied her the uſe of them; tired, we ſay, with uſing their precious moments to ſo little purpoſe, her acquaintance gradually forbore their viſits, till her poor afflicted ladyſhip finds herſelf almoſt deſerted, forſaken even by her deareſt friends, lady Eo, lady Everplay, and Miſs Nightly:

"The

" The cordial drop, heav'n in her cup had
" thrown,
" To make the nauſeous draught of life go
" down."

In this ſituation was lady Edmonton, and in theſe ſentiments were the town, when to the confuſion of ſome, and abſolute amazement of all, ſhe broke upon them in the full blaze of equipage and ſplendor; Sir James all ſmiles and condeſcenſion to his now exulting lady and ſovereign. This was an alteration ten times more ſtrange than the former; that was only an obedient lover changed to a commanding huſband; but to ſee that lordly tyrant transformed to an humble adorer, is ſo extraordinary a phænomenon,

nomenon as would require more than the ſkill of a Sir Iſaac Newton to account for. But thanks to a certain inſtrument called a confidante, which lady Edmonton was very fond of uſing on all occaſions, we are enabled, without either learning or penetration, to declare the cauſe of this myſtery. For an explanation of which, follow us, curious reader, to the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Soft, and we'll tell thee, reader, by the bye,
A very knaviſh trick, and reaſon why;
Which ſhews, alas! that younger brother's pelf,
Is ſeldom ſafe on elder brother's ſhelf.
That honeſt miller's words will never fail,
Who ſays, that gold in handling ſticks like meal.

SIR James had been left by a partial father in full truſt for a brother eighteen years younger than himſelf, which brother's fortune he applied to the ſame uſe one would do an old coat, or an old hat, namely, to ſave a better; by which œconomical ſyſtem, he had preſerved his own whole,

whole, and worn his brother's threadbare. Now being much afraid of certain interrogations when Mr. Hallifax ſhould arrive at that day ſo welcome to the rich ward, and ſo unwelcome to the tricking guardian, he applies to his avarice and contrivance for a way to refund his brother's fortune, without any reduction of his own; and it is with this view that we have ſeen him exaſperate lady Edmonton to the extremeſt pitch of female reſentment; wound up to the height he wanted, he ſets the re-enjoyment of her pleaſures at a price ſo eaſy, that ſhe graſps at the purchaſe as greedily as a ſtarved wretch ſnatches the morſel

for

for which he has long languiſhed.

Her ladyſhip was ruminating on the ſad reverſe of her fortune, when Sir James came into her dreſſing room. By comparing the liberty ſhe once enjoyed, with her preſent reſtraint, he was become ſo odious to her imagination, that ſhe had determined to part with him for ever, rather than loſe her darling pleaſures. As ſoon therefore as he entered, ordering her attendant to withdraw, ſhe began to attack him thus roundly. I have too long ſuffered your inſolent behaviour, Sir James; and now — Heyday! replied he, interrupting her, whence

whence all this heroiſm! let me periſh, madam, if you don't wage war like a true amazon! Mark me, Sir James, purſued ſhe, her colour heightened, and her eyes ſparkling with fury, if I longer act the paſſive woman. Hold, hold, madam, returned he, remember you are at my diſpoſal, and know I have too great a *tendre* for your ladyſhip to think of a ſeparation.

Theſe threats, couched under the appearance of tenderneſs, ſo exaſperated her, that her paſſion, after venting itſelf in a thouſand opprobrious epithets, choaked the paſſage of her words, and ſhe could only ſob her reſentment, which

which ſhe did very audibly. Sir James ſeated himſelf oppoſite, with his uſual unconcern, till he perceived the ſtorm was almoſt ſpent, when addreſſing her with an air to which ſhe had been only uſed before marriage, Your ladyſhip, ſaid he, might have it ſtill in your power to make us both happy: there is a favour, in which if you conſent to oblige me — Ungrateful wretch, interrupted ſhe, with a threatening aſpect, already have I too much obliged you; alas! what have I ſacrificed, and then again fell into a violent fit of crying. It is too late to recriminate, madam, continued he, you complain of my uſing you unkindly. And is it

not

not all true? dare you deny it? have I one pleaſure, one ſatisfaction, of which, tyrant as you are— She was going on, when Sir James riſing, and taking her hand, ſaid with great paſſiveneſs, Perhaps I have been to blame, but let us talk no more of what is paſt; there is, I repeat, one condition on which you may not only command my affection, but every pleaſure the town can afford, or your own imagination ſuggeſt. And can you reſolve at laſt to do me juſtice? ſaid lady Edmonton, riſing in an extacy of rapture. On certain conditions, replied he. Well then, ſaid her ladyſhip, if that is all that remains, be aſſured of my acquieſcence

acquieſcence with whatever you propoſe But, dear Sir James, delay your commands one moment, continued ſhe, almoſt breathleſs with joy, I go to give ſome neceſſary orders to my woman. Six months have I languiſhed in horrid deſhabille; yet I forgive you; expect me in an inſtant; ſaying which ſhe diſappeared, leaving him well ſatisfied of her obedience.

We have ſaid in the beginning of our chapter, that Sir James was left in full truſt for his brother, who, by the will of Sir George, was entitled to twenty thouſand pounds, which will had been carefully ſecreted by Sir James,

James, neither of the witneſſes being alive when it came into his poſſeſſion. As his brother was only five years old when Sir George died, he had continued to do him juſtice in regard to his education; indeed we are apt to believe his firſt intention in not proving the will of his father, was no other than to have the immediate uſe of Mr. Hallifax's fortune; therefore when either the young gentleman, who was now ſixteen, or any of his friends, made enquiries into the ſtate of his affairs, Sir James had always ſome prevaricating anſwer ready. If before there was the leaſt ſpark of honeſty in his ſoul, if he ever deſigned reſtoring his

brother's

brother's fortune, that honeſty and that deſign was by this time totally extinct. What for ſo many years he had conſidered and uſed as his own property, and more than half ſquandered, he could not bear the thoughts of refunding; therefore determines, not only to remain in the quiet poſſeſſion of it, but even repay himſelf for the ſums he had advanced in his brother's education. How he artfully manages this point, may be ſeen in the ſucceeding chapters, though we muſt firſt declare his principal inſtigation to this villany.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Sad proof of female weakneſs ſcan,
Sad proof of perfidy in man;
Man, the fickleſt work of nature,
Woman, its moſt ſimpleſt creature.
Thoſe forces loſt which virtue gave;
He the tyrant, ſhe the ſlave.
Mark, damſels fair, nor think it ſtrange,
When women fall, that men ſhould change.

ABOUT ſix years before Sir James's marriage with lady Edmonton, he happened to have an affair of gallantry with a young woman of no mean rank, her name we ſhall conceal, in tenderneſs to ſome of her family who are now living. A few months after her ſeduction he

grew

grew tired of his conqueſt, and left England, without taking leave of his unhappy miſtreſs, who continued to live with her father for ſome time, beloved and unſuſpected.

Whilſt Sir James was immerged in the pleaſures of the French court, a letter reached him from the ſuffering criminal, which for ſome moments ſuſpended his enjoyments.

In the moſt pathetic language ſhe tells him, that finding it impoſſible to conceal the imprudence of her conduct, and her health viſibly waſting, ſhe had reſolved, notwithſtanding the cruelty of

his treatment, to awaken his tenderneſs for the unfortunate pledge of their guilt, and having learnt he was in Paris, had withdrawn from her friends, taking ſo much caution in her flight, that it was impoſſible ſhe could be traced by them.

She then tells him, that being arrived at Dover, ſhe was there at the houſe of a poor woman, taken ill through anxiety and fatigue; congratulates him on the birth of a ſon, and by her own approaching diſſolution, earneſtly begs he will conſider her wrongs in his affection to the worſe than orphan innocent; directs him to the poor people,

who

who promiſed to take care of it, and incloſed a tally, by which he ſhould demand it; concluding, that ſhe died reſigned, beſeeching him to atone for his offence with equal penitence.

For an inſtant Sir James was extremely affected, kiſſed her letter, bathed it with his tears, and felt the moſt torturing remorſe, yet that very evening was guilty of his uſual exceſſes. The next morning he privately diſpatched a mercury, in whom he could confide, to learn the fate of the unhappy lady, who returned with tidings that ſhe expired two days before. Again he felt another qualm of conſcience, which how-

ever did not laſt much longer than the former.

Soon after this accident he ſet out for Italy, viſited Rome and Naples, from thence returned to Paris, and immediately embarked for England; in all which excurſions he had been abſent near four years, without ſcarce once reflecting on the little infant which claimed his protection.

On diſembarking at Dover he began to recollect himſelf, determined to ſeek out the poor people who were entruſted with the child, and without diſcovering he was the parent, by ſome little acknowledgment encourage them

them to continue their care of it. With this deſign he ſtopped oppoſite a miſerable hut, took out his pocket-book, in which he had made a memorandum of the woman's name, and was examining for it with great attention, when ſeveral children came round him begging charity; they were ſo clamorous, that, in order to get rid of their cries, he threw ſome ſmall money amongſt them; at ſight of which, a poor old wtetch, the meagre ſkeleton of famine, creeping from the hut, cried out, God bleſs your honour, God bleſs your honour, whilſt the little babes were ſcrambling for his bounty.

Sir James, having found that for which he was ſeeking, aſked the old woman if ſhe knew ſuch a perſon as Elizabeth Strayton? Know her! exclaimed the poor wretch, burſting into an agony of tears, know her! does your honour aſk? why ſhe was my own daughter! Your daughter, returned Sir James, equally ſurprized, what then is become of her? Ah! ſir! replied ſhe, God's will be done, he was pleaſed to take her to himſelf. And did ſhe leave no children? ſaid Sir James, eagerly. All theſe bleſſed babes which are beholden to your honour, they are all her's, except — Except which, interrupted he, with great emotion? That

That little boy, an pleaſe your honour, returned the woman, pointing to a lovely child, whoſe cherub countenance bore ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to the unhappy mother, as for a moment tranſfixed him with the idea of his own baſeneſs.

CHAP. XIX.

Happy that breaſt where guilt ne'er threw its dart;
The dart of guilt is virtue's vengeful ſting;
The more conceal'd, the more intenſe its ſmart,
Which truth, with heart ſerene, we boldly ſing.

AS ſoon as the guilty father had enough recovered himſelf to ſpeak, he enquired into the reaſons of the old woman's extreme poverty, and why ſhe ſuffered her grand-children to beg alms. This demand occaſioned a very affecting relation, which we ſhall paſs over, to come at

a

a reſolution Sir James had taken on ſight of his abandoned off-ſpring.

Having learnt particulars enough, amongſt which the tally was produced, to ſatisfy any doubt of its being his, he called the child, aſked his name, and if he would go with him; then turning to the woman, he ſaid, that commiſerating her great poverty, he would take from her a burthen which her charity had hitherto ſupported. At firſt ſhe ſeemed very ſcrupulous, and loth to part with the child; but Sir James putting into her hand ten guineas, ſhe dropt on her knees in an extacy too great for deſcription,

and lifting up her ſhrievelled hands to heaven, cried out, take my Jemmy, take my poor Jemmy, your honour is a noble gentleman, and will uſe him kindly.

Sir James was ſo touched with this ſcene, that ordering one of his ſervants to bring the child after him, he walked haſtily away, leaving the rejoiced matron wrapt in devout ejaculations for his proſperity. After weeping over her dear Jemmy, whoſe eyes alſo were ſtreaming with tears, ſhe gave him to the ſervant, who led him ſobbing to the inn, where he was ſoon appeaſed by the mediation of tarts and ſugar-plumbs.

Little

Little as it may be expected, Sir James felt a degree of parental warmth, not inferior to that which burns in the heart where guilt has never entered. This tenderneſs nature hourly encreaſed, teaching the prattling infant to return the careſſes of his parent by a thouſand little endearments.

On his arrrival in town, he made ſome diſtant enquiries after a perſon, of whoſe fate he was before but too well informed. Finding ſhe had not been heard of ſince her elopement, that the cauſe of which had never been ſurmiſed, and that her family continued inconſolable, he had

he audacity to make them a viſit, and, though in a melancholy manner, yet was he ſo well received, as to convince him he had eſcaped ſuſpicion. His next ſtep was to ſettle Delany, that favourite ſervant, who alone was privy to his crimes, in a genteel houſe at Windſor, entruſting him with the entire care of his darling ſon.

Like his maſter, this fellow had not been without his connections. On being ſettled, he married his favourite ſultana, and, by the directions of Sir James, they were likewiſe commanded to paſs for the father and mother of their young charge.

We

We have mentioned this whole tranſaction, that our reader may account for an action of Sir James, which, without ſome ſiniſter end, would be altogether as abſurd, as it certainly was villanous. At the time he came to a reſolution of entirely ſuppreſſing his father's will, he was ſo immoderately fond of his ſon, that he reſolved to acknowledge him as ſuch at his death; and ſtarted not at the moſt horrid crime to aggrandize the fortune, for which he intended him his heir.

Having thus explained the motive for a proceeding we hope unpre-

unprecedented, let us follow him through the whole ſcene, to obſerve the art and ſucceſs of his contrivance.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

We challenge Italy and France
To ſhew profounder complaiſance
In any female thro' their nation,
From paſſive wife, to wife of faſhion.

IN our ſeventeenth chapter, we left Sir James expecting the return of lady Edmonton, to diſcloſe the mighty purpoſe with which his heart laboured. As ſoon as her ladyſhip had conſulted her woman, diſpatched meſſengers to half a dozen ſhops, given orders for her equipage, and in a hearty ejaculation thanked fate for this ſudden turn in her affairs,

affairs, ſhe tripped back to her dreſſing-room, alert as at ſixteen, her face dreſſed in ſmiles, and at that inſtant ready to prove herſelf the moſt obedient of all wives.

Sir James received her ladyſhip with equal complacency, and both being ſeated, the following converſation enſued. The favour I have to requeſt of your ladyſhip — (No ceremony, dear Sir James)— concerns my brother Charles, who you muſt know, my dear, though I would not have it eſcape your lips for the univerſe, is rather unfortunately circumſtanced. Pardon a moments interruption, ſhall I be favoured

voured with your company this evening at Almacks?—Undoubtedly. Well, I proteſt you have alarmed me infinitely, — poor Charles! nothing will pleaſe me ſo immenſely as to ſerve him.—It is greatly in your ladyſhip's power. It is a profound ſecret that Sir George died inteſtate, by which neglect, Charles, tho' a deſerving lad, is not entitled to a ſingle penny; what I wiſh is, to provide for him by marriage, for as to redreſſing him by a diviſion of my fortune, I cannot do it without injuſtice to your ladyſhip.—Nay, if that's all, let me intreat you, Sir James — Hold, madam, I ſee no neceſſity for retrenching the expences of our rank,

rank, if we can ſettle him comfortably by other means; beſides, I have been already at a vaſt expence in his education, and if he marries greatly, ſhall expect he will reimburſe thoſe ſums I have advanced; to accompliſh which, is the very affair that I am to conſult you upon, and in which you muſt promiſe me your unbounded aſſiſtance. His family, perſon, and accompliſhments conſidered, what woman would reject his alliance merely on the ſcore of fortune?

Here her ladyſhip riſing haſtily, cried out, clapping her hands together, the luckieſt hit in the world, what think you of my

my niece Stanley? By all my hopes, the very thing I intended; nay, ſo much is my heart ſet on this union, that a ſolemn vow has paſſed my lips to retire immediately from the great world, if it cannot be effected. Then let it be either to Windſor or Richmond, for heaven's ſake, ſaid her ladyſhip, laughing. I am not in jeſt, madam; you know I have an eſtate in the lower part of Cornwall, there we will ſpend our latter days — Hold, hold, Sir James, putting her hand before his mouth, you terrify me beyond meaſure; I'll do, ſay, promiſe any thing. Suppoſe then artifice, or even force, neceſſary to the gaining of your niece for

my

my brother. — She heſitated—If not, Cornwall is the place, in which the air is ſo healthy, that I may poſſibly live twenty years louger than in town. O my God, what ſhall I ſay? I'll proteſt in the moſt ſolemn manner; and pulling the bell with great force, ordered her footman, who was waiting in the anti-chamber, to bring a bible inſtantly. The fellow looked ſomewhat diſconcerted, and retired.

What means all this, ſays Sir James, hardly able to forbear laughing at her extreme eagerneſs? —To convince you I will be, do, ſay, act any thing you would have me.

At

At this period John returned, with a very woeful countenance, ſaying there was no ſuch book as her ladyſhip aſked for in the houſe, but believed he could borrow one at that of a merchant's near; however he was diſmiſſed by Sir James, who told him he had no immediate occaſion for it, declaring to his lady, he would give as much credit to her word, as to the ſolemn aſſeveration ſhe intended.

After this converſation, it was determined a meſſenger ſhould be diſpatched to Cambridge for Mr. Halliſax, in order to be made acquainted with the true ſtate of his affairs, and engaged to be impli-

implicitly conducted by their directions. Miſs Stanley being no more than ten years old, and Mr. Hallifax ſixteen, it was thought expedient to ſecure him in ſeaſon, leſt during her retirement, he, by the force of inclination, might give his hand to another, which would at once deſtroy the golden fabric of Sir James's expectations.

Matters being thus amicably adjuſted, our now happy pair that very evening made a moſt brilliant appearance at Almack's; at which time we preſume many of our polite readers were preſent.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

To heſitate 'twixt chuſing good or evil,
You drive a ſurer bargain with the devil.

IF the ſudden and ſplendid appearance of lady Edmonton ſurprized ſome who were but ſlightly acquainted with her late reſtraint, how much greater muſt be the aſtoniſhment of thoſe, to whom this, and many other aggravating circumſtances, was known. Indeed they would ſcarce believe their eyes, which told them Sir James was once more a complaiſant lover, or their ears, when her ladyſhip, with amazing

zing effrontery, declared ſhe had one of the politeſt huſband's in the univerſe.

Mr. Hallifax, on receiving his brother's commands, repaired immediately to town, and met from lady Edmonton a very obliging reception; from Sir James, one uncommonly warm and cordial. The morning after his arrival, the latter took him alone into his ſtudy, fully intending to purſue the villany of his deſigns. Awed by the ſteady innocence of his injured brother's countenance, his deſign was for ſome minutes ſuſpended, and he ſo overwhelmed in confuſion, that he knew not how to proceed. In order to gain

gain time for aſſuming a neceſſary confidence, he began firſt with his intentions with regard to Miſs Stanley; theſe he opened ſo very freely, declaring his diſhonourable deſigns with ſo little reſerve, as ſoon convinced him he had difficulties to ſurmount where he leaſt ſuſpected. Young as Mr. Hallifax was, and glaring as the charms of beauty and riches were coloured to enſnare him, he ſtarted at the propoſition, and evincing his diſapprobation ſo very plainly, that Sir James, exaſperated to the higheſt pitch, in the extremity of his wrath called him ungrateful beggar.

The word beggar ran through the veins of Mr. Hallifax ſudden as electricity; his fine eyes flaſhed indignation, his manly cheeks glowed with reſentment, and his whole form was aggitated with unſpeakable fierceneſs; he ſpurned the door with his foot, and going up to Sir James, with an air that made him tremble from head to heel, demanded an explanation of the word beggar.

The affrighted culprit, finding the ſpirit of a heroe in the youthful form of ſixteen, felt a panic not to be deſcribed, even by a timid woman. After a moment's conſideration, he caught his brother

ther in his arms, and ſaid, with an air of the beſt diſſembled and moſt inſinuating kindneſs, My dear Charles, forgive an error occaſioned by affection; I am ſorry my warmth for your happineſs betrayed me into an unguarded expreſſion; I admire your ſpirit, I revere you for not taking an inſult tamely, even from a brother, that loves you tenderly.

Mr. Halliſax, joined to true greatneſs of ſoul, poſſeſſed a heart unſuſpecting, gentle, and forgiving. He returned his brother's embrace with cordiality, freely pardoning him, but again renewed, though in far gentler

terms, a demand of an explanation. This was the very opportunity Sir James wanted to compleat his baſeneſs, and with a great deal of affected parade and concern, he revealed the ſtate in which he would have him believe their father had left his affairs.

Mr. Hallifax, who had no reaſon to know him for a villain, became the dupe of his artifice; he threw himſelf back in a chair, with ſo much deſpair painted on his face, that the guilty wretch turned from him: his diſorder being too great for concealment, a very affecting ſilence enſued, when riſing with that kind of

firm-

firmneſs in his looks, which might properly be called the attendant of virtue, Let me not forget, ſaid he, that the perſon who left me deſtitute was my parent; though my ſufferings are ſevere, let his memory be ſtill revered by me. To you, brother, continued he, I am indebted for an education, which, in the midſt of diſappointments, will afford me ſome conſolation.

Dear Charles, replied Sir James, mention not a debt which I ſhall never demand, at leaſt till you are enabled conveniently to repay it, which, if you are not blind to your own intereſt, may be one day greatly in your power. If

you will conſent to the ſcheme I propoſed, and certainly a match with one of the loveliest and richeſt heireſſes in the kingdom is not to be deſpiſed; till then you have the command of my purſe as far as eight hundred pounds a year: as to the world, let it be a ſecret to them on what conditions you enjoy it; for I would not have them know you have not a fortune equal to your merits. Beſides, purſued he with an inſinuating ſmile, you know I have no children, you know too my attachment to your intereſt, I deſire therefore you will conſider me as your Steward only.

This

This ſo well counterfeited generoſity quite melted the ſuſceptible ſoul of Mr. Hallifax; he could ſcarce refrain from tears, whilſt he aſſured him, ſince a dependant ſtate was decreed to him, he rejoiced to owe that dependance to ſo kind a brother. But can you, do you really forgive me, ſaid the artful Sir James, for an expreſſion of which I am heartily aſhamed? His pardon was again confirmed, and he proceeded. I own, when I found you defeated your own advancement, my temper was diſcompoſed; you were warm in return, without conſidering you knew not the little I had done; my heart called you ungrateful, which

made me guilty of an indiſcretion, for which I ſhall not ſo eaſily forgive myſelf, as you have forgiven me.

Mr. Hallifax, being deceived by theſe appearances, could not help regarding his brother as a valuable friend, and conſented to be guided in every reſpect by his advice. Further he gave his word, in the moſt ſacred terms, never to marry without his approbation, and when Miſs Stanley ſhould return to town, to uſe every laudable method of gaining her affections, yet in point of honour would not recede one inch, perſiſting not to owe his ſucceſs to any kind of artifice what-

whatever, and in this point was ſo immoveable, that the other thought beſt to gloſs over a propoſition ſo ill received. Being ſatisfied with his own maſterly contrivance, and pleaſed with the power he had gained over his injured ward, Sir James careſſed him from that hour, and ſeemed on all occaſions to treat him with unbounded confidence. Matters thus ſettled, Mr. Hallifax continued his ſtudies ſometime longer at Cambridge, and from thence ſet out to viſit the ſeveral nations of Europe: what he will return from foreign courts muſt be ſeen when he appears again on the theatre of action.

From the date of this period we ſhall make one more obſervation, namely, that Mrs. Stanley, during her retreat, was frequently honoured with very polite letters from her noble ſiſter; whether through motives of affection or policy, we muſt leave our readers to ſolve.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Adieu ye ſcenes, the life of each fond beau,
And eke each belle;
Auctions, routs, balls, and ev'ry midnight ſhow,
Adieu, farewell!
Imagination, lend us all thy aid,
We court thy preſence in the noon-day ſhade.

INSTEAD of following the footſteps of lady Edmonton, thro' the labyrinth of plays, balls, routs, aſſemblies, and operas, "in "which ſhe roves unchecked, "and of her rovings are no "end;" inſtead, we ſay, of theſe ſcenes, we have conveyed the gentle reader to the moſt rural, the moſt charming retirement. From

this riſing ground let us behold the beauties by which we are ſurrounded. The meadows how chearful, their robes are green-enliven'd with flowers of gold and azure; that hanging wood, which rears its lofty head, as if to overlook the diſtant hills, appears the ſeat of contemplation; the banks of yonder river, how fertile! how enriched! ſurely the inhabitants are nature's favourites, and this its moſt luxurious garden. Mark the houſes! how neatly elegant! and ſcattered hamlets, how gaily ornamented! the pure jeſſamine, and ſweeter woodbine, blooms on the humble roof, regailing with their ſpicy breath the honeſt labourer, when at his threſhold

threſhold he eats his evening morſel. Amazement! what do we ſee! two lovely forms! their actions ſtill more lovely! Turn thy eyes to the next cottage, mark them well, with what tenderneſs they relieve that ſick wretch, who with bleſſings follows them to the door; with what amiable ſmiles are they this moment careſſing the children of poverty? Can it be any other than Benevolence and Humility deſcended upon this happy ſpot, in their own tranſcendent lovelineſs. But, hold! a friendly zephyr bears away from the moſt graceful, the envious hat which hid the beauties of her face. Let us examine if theſe can equal her

fine

fine height, eaſy ſhape, and majeſtic movement. Heavens! that dazzling complection, eyes black, ſparkling and full of ſentiment, animated features, and neck whiter than the down of ſwans, convinces us theſe are the infant charms of Miſs Stanley, ripened by the hand of time; her companion, Miſs Orey, and the delightful ſpot on which we now find ourſelves, the identical Roſe-Hill, of which honourable mention has been made in our firſt Chapter.

Now if any of our readers are diſpleaſed, that to bring them down to this æra, we have cheated them of the tranſaction of

fourteen

fourteen years; let them conſider how many there are who enter the door of life, tread over the grand ſtage, and go out at that of death, without affording one action through the whole ſcene, which we would trouble ourſelves to write, or them to read. Now as none of our heroes or heroines can be taxed with having ſpent their lives without ſomething worthy of obſervation, if not imitation, we hold ourſelves allowed to paſs over ſuch parts as are immaterial, to come at thoſe more neceſſary to our hiſtory.

Having introduced our two lovely villagers, take thy eye from Miſs Stanley, to admire the modeſt

deſt vivacity of Louiſa's looks, her ſprightly air, the delicacy of her forehead, the gloſſy auburne hair which ſhades it, the joy, the youth, the innocence that revel on her countenance; you cannot meet her eye without feeling a thouſand tender emotions, her mile is inchanting, and her whole form captivates.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

With virtuous emulation fir'd,
Be ye like them, like them admir'd.

SUCH do we find the perſons of Miſs Stanley and Miſs Orey, after an abſence of fourteen years. That our prolixity may not tire, nor our haſte to conclude this work hurry us over incidents that might be pleaſing to our reader; to avoid both extremes, we ſhall relate the manner of their education, not by a tedious account of day by day, but by ſerving up a few particulars only, which frugal repaſt

we

we hope will neither cloy, nor ſend him away diſſatisfied.

Mrs. Stanley being fixed in a genteel convenient houſe, Mr. Howard within the diſtance of a ſhort field, the houſehold ſettled, and every thing conducted according to her former plan; the firſt three years were taken up in ſuch early ſtudies as are adapted to infancy; as their judgment began to ripen the number of their preceptors was increaſed, and Mrs. Stanley had the ſatisfaction of beholding them outſtrip her moſt ſanguine expectations.

At the age of thirteen they were eſteemed the prodigies of their

their ſex, and became the admiration of the neighbourhood. Numbers courted the acquaintance of this amiable family, but found it refuſed in ſo engaging a manner, as only heightened their deſire of being ranked in the number of their friends: whilſt thoſe whoſe viſits were admitted, thought themſelves particularly favoured. There were only a few, and theſe few of too great diſtinction to have their advances ſlighted; eſpecially as it could not fail of being an advantage to the young folks, who by ſuch means would be early introduced to polite company.

Mrs.

Mrs. Berkley was not only dear to Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Howard, who loved her for her ineſtimable virtues, but likewiſe to her fair pupils who were taught to reſpect her as their benefactreſs. Mrs. Stanley chuſing to paſs for a widow of ſmall fortune, was continually reminding them, that to Mrs. Berkley they owed every advantage; ſo that whilſt they regarded her as a ſecond parent, they received all her precepts with gratitude, and retained them with reverence. If the rich and happy admired and careſſed them, by the poor and wretched they were honoured and revered. In purſuit of ſuch objects more time was ſpent by them every evening, than

than a celebrated lady, who frequents a celebrated rotundo, on the banks of a celebrated river, expends to vary her dreſs and manners, which ſhe does with ſo much art and elegance, that the ſame perſon is conſtantly exhibited as you conſtantly diſcover ſome new charm ſurpriſingly beautiful.

Another of our fair countrywomen, remarkable for the eaſy grace with which ſhe leads the dance, and in which we acknowledge her movement is amazingly fine, muſt pardon us if we ſay her ſtep is not more graceful, her air more animated, than are our lovely villagers; tripping

tripping from cott to cott, distributing the bounty of Mrs. Stanley; they fill every heart with joy and gladneſs, as lady B— S— does with delight and admiration.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Beauty alone in vain its charms diſpenſe,
The charms of beauty are the charms of ſenſe.
Let us ſuppoſe the virtuous mind a roſe,
Which nature plants, and education blows.

PERHAPS our reader may not be diſpleaſed if we give him the method of one day, which was obſerved during the eight laſt years of Mrs. Stanley's reſidence at Roſe Hill; to which order and regularity we may attribute the early and great perfections of our young heroines. At ſix her bell ſummons them to a particular room, where they find aſſembled every houſhold domeſtic,

domeſtic, ready with chearful countenances and ſincere hearts, caught from the example of their ſuperiors, to join in the ſacred duty of the morning, which in our little family was held indiſpenſible. We next ſee miſs Stanley and her couſin retired to their own apartment, where their time is employed till eight in the following manner: before Mr. Howard retires for the night he gives them ſome choſen ſubject, on which they are to write their ſentiments and opinions, ſuch as divinity, benevolence, humility, charity, &c. he would often blend with others of a leſs ſerious turn; and they were taught to expatiate on pleaſure, dreſs, wit, play, nay

even

even love, without diſſimulation or reſtraint, ſo that their ſtyle becomes polite, their expreſſions delicate, their remarks eloquent and refined; no cankering poiſon lies concealed, their real ſentiments being laid before the judges of their actions when they meet at breakfaſt, and are by them approved or condemned.

The tea-things removed, Mr. Howard leads them to the globes; in that entertaining ſtudy are engaged till eleven, in which, after they were perfect, their uſe was applied to geography; muſic, drawing, Italian, French, and dancing fill up the next hour; each maſter having a par-

ticular day for attending, that one ſcience may be properly digeſted before it be ſucceeded by another.

At twelve the coach carries them an airing, in which Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Berkley, and Mr. Howard are of the party. In theſe little excurſions, they are encouraged to unbend their ideas, and give unlimitted ſcope to the natural livelineſs of their diſpoſitions; ſallies in which the pungency of their wit appears equal to the ſolidity of their judgments, when diſplayed in converſations of a more ſerious nature.

After

After their return, the toilet engages them half an hour, from which they always riſe with the bluſh of innocence, the elegance of ſimple plainneſs, and eaſy grace of beauty, adorned by dreſs, not encumbered by ornaments.

From the hour of dinner to that of tea, if no friendly viſit interferes, which can only be to and from the ſelect families already mentioned, they are employed in a little library, in the furniſhing of which a great deal of pains had been taken; no celebrated authors antient or modern was here excluded, except thoſe who might be ſaid to un-

dermine the principles of virtue; deſtroying, at leaſt attempting to deſtroy, the force of certain truths lately ſtruck at by ſome learned caſuiſts, wiſer in their own opinion than the wiſeſt of mankind, who hath ſaid, "Train up a child "in the way he ſhould go." Addiſon, Steele, and Pope are here ranked only ſecond to divinity and hiſtory.

From this unfaſhionable collection ſome books being ſelected, it is put into the hand of Miſs Stanley or Louiſa, and affords a general amuſement; the judicious remarks of their inſtructors giving the ſtrength of ſolid improvement to the charms of entertaining

tertaining fiction. At other times Mr. Howard would read, whilſt the ladies were engaged in embroidery, or other works of genius.

In this manner did the time paſs away, till the frequent ſolicitations of her friends in town made Mrs. Stanley begin to think of returning thither.

To this time Mr. Howard could not look forward without the moſt ſenſible regret; not that they muſt go from him, but that he could not follow them, being come to a time of life which almoſt determined him never more to leave his peaceful village; on

the other hand, qualified to adorn a court, he wiſhed not, in the words of his favourite poet, that they ſhould "waſte their ſweet-"neſs in the deſert air;" he wiſhed not to deprive the world of ſo rich a treaſure as his beloved children, a title he would fondly give them, his eyes overflowing with affection.

Sir Thomas and lady Stanley had conſtantly kept up a correſpondence with Mrs. Stanley, and in the time of her retirement viſited Roſe-Hill often; which, as very natural occurrences, with many other of the ſame nature, we have left to our reader's imagination. If her real friends preſſed

for

for her return through ſincere motives of tenderneſs, lady Edmonton was not leſs urgent thro' thoſe of intereſt.

Mr. Hallifax being returned from his travels, and Sir James perpetually reminding her of her former engagement; Mrs. Stanley, who was a ſtranger to this private negociation, was extremely grateful for her ladyſhip's tender and repeated invitations, which united to thoſe of Sir Thomas and his lady, made her determine to viſit London next winter. No ſooner had ſhe reſolved than an incident happened which cauſed her to write to lady Stanley, requeſting her ladyſhip would order

every thing to be got ready for her reception in Leiceſter-Square by the beginning of autumn.

What occaſioned this ſudden alteration muſt remain a myſtery, at leaſt for ſometime longer, being called to town by the arrival of a lady, with whom our readers are not altogether unacquainted.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

We introduce *la belle eſprit*,
With foibles few, and real merit.

TO conduct this ſtranger to town, Sir Thomas and his lady were ſet out for Dover juſt as Mrs. Stanley's laſt letter reached London: but as there was yet a full month before the time fixed for her removal, their abſence was of no very material conſequence.

As ſoon as they returned, lady Stanley gave orders, with ſo much

pleaſure and diligence, for the reception of her friend, that every thing was prepared in leſs time than was required, with a ſplendor equal to the magnificence of Mrs. Stanley's fortune. In the choice of cloaths and jewels for the young ladies ſhe was aſſiſted by her fair viſiter; which fair viſiter was no other than lady Lucy Carew, mentioned in a former chapter, whoſe time, ſince that period, had been divided between Sir Thomas's family and her own.

The laſt three years ſhe had paſſed at Paris at the hotel Leſtrange with a proteſtant family, diſtantly related to her mother

the

the counteſs of Caſtledale, having before received the moſt liberal education that England could afford; except Miſs Stanley's and Louiſa's, we have never ſeen a perſon more lovely, and theirs too excepted, a mind more accompliſhed than lady Lucy's.

Without being affectedly vain, ſhe knew the ſuperiority which beauty had given her over the generality of her ſex. The effects of this ſuperiority ſhe expected would be admiration; yet could behold that very admiration beſtowed on another without diſappointment or envy. An uncommon ſhare of vivacity, acquir'd from her late excurſion, gives

her an air which might be taken for coquetry, if the utmoſt affability, a perpetual flow of good humour, and a thouſand other engaging qualities, did not make that an ornament to her which in another would be diſagreeable.

Accident having put into our poſſeſſion many of her original letters, and as no language but lady Lucy's can ſo well expreſs the almoſt inexpreſſible livelineſs of her imagination, without further ceremony we ſhall preſent our readers with ſuch ſpecimens as may convey to them the beſt idea of her ſtyle and humour. The firſt to Miſs Leſtrange, the ſecond is addreſſed to the young marchioneſs

De

De Ville, with whom, we imagine, ſhe had contracted the moſt intimate friendſhip.

Lady LUCY CAREW to Miſs LESTRANGE.

" HEavens! my dear, what a command! Write as ſoon as you ſet foot on Engliſh ground! Here then am I! juſt crept to my inn, immoderately ſick, immoderately wet, and reeling as the packet from which I this moment diſembarked. Such is the preſent woeful figure of your once lively laughing Lucy! whoſe delicate frame has been tra-

" verſing

" verſing the deck in a heavy
" rain theſe three hours. O!
" the horrors of a ſea-ſick-
" neſs!

" Pray, is your brother re-
" turned ſafe? He left me with
" regret. Do not all the men
" the ſame, my dear? I in re-
" turn looked *languiſant*, ſighed,
" and waved my lilly hand,
" when the good youth, mounted
" on the back of a huge wave,
" was carried from my ſight:
" Heiho! That ſigh is due to
" the charming chevalier we met
" with at Luxemburgh. Ah!
" Leſtrange, ſince that hour—
" *Le ſage entend à demi mot.*

" A

" A poſt-coach is this mo-
" ment drove into the court; I
" die for one peep at the ani-
" mals it contains. Sir Thomas
" and lady Stanley, as I live!
" I fly to embrace them, and
" hie for London. Reſpects,
" compliments, &c. diſtribute at
" diſcretion. But keep for your-
" ſelf the invariable love of a
" heart wholly yours. Adieu!
" I think on you *inceſſamment*."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

Cupid, wanton roving boy,
Round the globe extends his ſway,
When his ſports begin to cloy,
Claſps his wings and ſoars away.
Not meeting lady Lucy here,
He flew to France, and met her there.

IN the preceding letter lady Lucy awakens our curioſity by the mention of an impreſſion received in France. Happening to have no connections in that nation to whom we can apply for information, we recommend to our readers not to paſs over her next

next letter to the marchioneſs De Ville, in which they will find a further account of how, when, and where; though for a ſtill plainer explanation we muſt wait till time, the revealer of all things, diſcovers the very perſon, rank, and fortune of lady Lucy's heroe.

Lady LUCY CAREW to the Marchioneſs DE VILLE.

"I Received your ladyſhip's "commands the moment I "was embarking for England. "Cruel marchioneſs! Why in- "ſiſt you on my tearing open a "wound which time and the "adora-

" adoration of my countrymen
" might have healed? Ah!
" Leſtrange, is it you have be-
" trayed me? Wicked girl! I
" abſolutely thought as much
" when I came into the room
" and found her laughing, juſt
" as ſhe had ſealed your laſt
" packet.

" You aſk me, if the little
" Urchin has at laſt diſcovered
" a place in my heart, which,
" like Achilles's heel, is vulne-
" rable? and if at the ſame in-
" ſtant he did not diſpatch an
" arrow from a pair of the fineſt
" black eyes in the univerſe? —
" If I am not revenged on the
" perſon that gave you this in-
" telligence,

" intelligence, may I never again
" behold the charming cauſe of
" my reſentment.—When my
" eyes ſingled him from the
" herd of ſwains which graced
" our footſteps through the gar-
" dens, (for I ſuppoſe you know
" too, that the ſtrange fatality of
" my fate had that evening hur-
" ried me to Luxemburgh,) Hea-
" vens! what was my amaze-
" ment? I have ſeen half the
" Adonis's of France and Eng-
" land: but, ah! till now ——
" You may ſuppoſe what I would
" ſay. I had obſerved him ſome
" moments before I pointed him
" out to my couſin. Heaven
" knows what were her ſenti-
" ments. This I verily believe,

" if

" if ſhe had not been my friend,
" ſhe had been my rival.

" Madam Leſtrange, who you
" know is not quite ſo thin as
" her daughter, dropping her
" handkerchief, had like to have
" fallen in ſtooping to take it
" up, when the lovely ſtranger,
" who was juſt then paſſing us,
" offered his hand very gallantly.
" We had not before obſerved
" the accident, and turned only
" in time to receive the compli-
" ment of his hat, which was
" paid very gracefully. But I
" had the inexpreſſible mortifi-
" cation to ſee him take no ad-
" vantage of ſo happy an open-
" ing, for he purſued his walk,

" buried

" buried in profound medita-
" tion.

" Ah! my dear marchioneſs,
" notwithſtanding the moſt pe-
" netrating eyes in the world,
" which, if they ſpeak truth,
" ſpeak in the gentleſt ſtrain
" breathing: notwithſtanding e-
" very feature is enlivened with
" ſenſibility, methought I could
" diſcern on his countenance the
" traces of melancholy; but then
" it is ſo ſweet a melancholy,
" as even vivacity itſelf muſt be
" pleaſed with.

" Whilſt we ſtaid in the gar-
" dens, he paſſed us ſeveral times;
" and when we went to our
coach,

" coach, I had the pleaſure of
" ſeeing him mount a beautiful
" roan horſe, which ſet off with
" a majeſtic pace that ſeemed to
" ſpeak it proud of its agreeable
" burden. Sometimes he rode
" on one ſide, ſometimes on the
" other, and ſometimes before our
" carriage, ſo that we had a fine
" view of his graceful perſon,
" till night envelop'd him in her
" ſable mantle.

" Thus ends this mighty af-
" fair, which you ſeriouſly inſiſt
" on my recounting. In prov-
" ing my obedience, do I not
" likewiſe convince you of my
" tender confidence? On exa-
" mining my wound, though, as

" Mar-

" Marcutio ſays, it is neither as
" deep as a well, or as wide as
" a church-door, I find it might
" have done; it might, I ſay,
" had I converſed with him, and
" found his converſation as full
" of charms as were his perſon
" and appearance.

" I have been in town three
" days only, and great prepara-
" tions are going on for the re-
" ception of Mrs. Stanley, related
" to the family with whom I
" am to wait the arrival of my
" father and mother.

" This lady, you are to know,
" my dear, has buried herſelf for
" fourteen years in a remote vil-

" lage

" lage with an only daughter,
" who is an immenſe heireſs, and
" a niece of whom ſhe is equal-
" ly fond, in order to educate
" them in humility, benevolence,
" ſimplicity, and a long catalogue
" of virtues. As to ſimplicity,
" I don't doubt of their having
" a great ſhare; though, upon
" my word, did I not think lady
" Stanley partial in her deſcrip-
" tion, I ſhould tremble for my
" own ſovereignty. Truly, my
" idea of a country-beauty is this,
" which I ſhall give you in the
" words of an old ballad:

" Her cheek is like the Catharine pear,
" Whoſe ſide is next the ſun. —

" I

" I own, for me the lilly's purer
" white hath greater attractions;
" and for the men too, my dear,
" or I ſhould never have boaſted
" ſo many admirers.

" A tremendous thundering at
" the door announces the arrival
" of viſiters; from this window
" I can give them a glance *en*
" *paſſant*.

" Heavens and earth! I faint!
" I expire! — Ah! I have ſeen
" him! this moment ſeen him!
" —Who? do you aſk.—Why,
" whom but my chevalier.—Ah!
" my God! the very ſame I met
" at Luxemburgh:

" The ſame his ſmiles, the ſame his grace,
" And glowing beauties of his face;
" The ſame his ſhape, the ſame his air,
" And gloſſy ringlets of his hair.

" Lady Stanley ſends to deſire
" my company; flutter, flutter,
" flutter goes my heart, beating
" for conqueſt. Dear Cupid,
" this once aſſiſt me; he anſwers
" from my eyes, and aſſures me
" of ſucceſs. Adieu, my ami-
" able marchioneſs, adieu, adieu.

" Cupid, on thy wings I fly,
" Give me conqueſt, or I die."

Having ended her letter to the marchioneſs, lady Lucy, to reconnoitre the ſtrength of her forces before ſhe entered the field of battle, took a haſty review

view of them at a large pier glaſs, as ſhe paſſed in her way to the drawing-room; and ſurely no great warrior was ever more pleaſed with the diſpoſition of his conquering troops.

The graces that were to attack by ſurprize, lay in ambuſh, ſome in the ſmiling dimple on each ſide her lovely mouth, ſome under the mantling bluſh of ſudden tranſport, and others in a luxurious quantity of fine hair, encumbered with no ornament but a delicate blue feather; her dreſs being of the ſame colour, wrought with ſilver; ten thouſand loves were aſſembled in her eyes, commanded by innocence, and inſpired

ſpired by vivacity. Thus armed *cap-a-pee*, lady Lucy entered the room, where ſat her intended victim, with that eaſy dignity which adds a grace to a form the moſt perfect.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

A politician wife is half the battle;
Of ſuch we treat, the reſt mere tittle tattle.

MR. Hallifax was returned with the ſame ſound principles as he carried with him from England; though he could by no means refuſe to fulfil his part of a former treaty, we now find him more than ever determined not to ſeduce our young heireſs into a clandeſtine marriage.

Lady Edmonton, enchanted with the improvements he had col-

collected from the different courts of Europe, began to wiſh him united to her niece from motives not altogether ſo ſelfiſh as thoſe which firſt influenced her to favour ſuch a propoſition; not that her ladyſhip was one jot leſs devoted to pleaſure, but could not behold his conſtant endeavours to oblige without wiſhing him happy.

Sir James was quite tranſported with joy, when lady Edmonton received a letter from Mrs. Stanley, intimating her intentions of returning to London the next month. Exulting in the ſucceſs of his project, which appeared infallible, he propoſed an immediate

diate viſit to Sir Thomas and lady Stanley, for being a wiſe politician, he well knew to ſecure them in his favour would be no ſmall ſtep towards aſcending the pinnacle of his hopes.

In conſequence of this piece of refined policy, they arrived at Sir Thomas Stanley's, happened to be the very company which alarmed lady Lucy, and her ladyſhip's lovely Luxemburgh unknown, no other than our amiable chevalier Hallifax.

It grieves us, gentle reader, that we muſt leave thee on the rack of ſuſpence, as to the ſucceſs

ceſs of her ladyſhip's battery of charms, which was played off againſt Mr. Hallifax. But whilſt we clothe this event in obſcurity, follow us, O ye votaries of curioſity, to Roſe-Hill.

The End of Volume I.